

WHOLE No. 959.

discovered that under this appearance  
existed the kindest urbanity of tem-  
perament; the most earnest sym-  
pathies; the most extensive  
knowledge. His mind was vigorous and  
his reading had been various, but more  
than profound; his memory was stored  
with facts, theories, and quotations,  
and crowded with crude materials for  
thought.

These, in a moment of excitement,  
as it were, melted down and poured  
the lava of a heated imagination. At  
moments, the change in the whole man was  
startling. His meagre form would acquire a  
majestic grandeur; his long, pale visage would  
assume a hectic glow; his eyes would beam  
with intense speculation; and there would be  
a calmness and deep modulation in his voice,  
which the ear, and spoke more truly to the  
heart than the most endeared human voice,  
that met sympathy with which he entered  
our interests and wisdom. Instead of  
checking our young imagination  
with the coldness of sober reason, he was a little too  
much the impulse, and he hurried away  
with us.

He could not withstand the excitement  
of feeling or fancy, and was prone  
to strengthen time to the illusive coloring  
of metaphysics.

Under his guidance, my sisters and myself  
entered upon a more extended range of stud-  
ies, while they wandered, with delighted  
curiosity, through the wide field of history and  
literature, a nobler world was opened to our  
intellect.

A mind of talents presented a singular  
contrast of philosophy and poetry. He was fond  
of metaphysics, and prone to indulge in abstract  
speculation, though his metaphysics were some-  
times open and fearless, and his speculations  
to partake of what my father must trul-  
ly termed "humbug." For some part, I  
was in them, and the more so, especially, be-  
cause my father, to sleep, and completely  
lost my sisters. I entered with my new  
eagerness, into this new branch of study,  
and was now my passion. My sister  
used to accompany me, but they were silent.  
I gave out before they had got half way  
through Smith's Theory of the Moral Sentiments.  
I never, went on, exulting in my strength.

supplied me with books, and I devoured  
th appetite, if not digestion. We walked

together under the trees before the  
last apart, like Milton's angels, and laid  
across upon thrones beyond the grasp  
of intellects. Gilman possessed a kind of  
his civility, in imitation of the old por-  
trayers, and was continually dreaming of  
enterprises in morals, and splendid ex-  
periments in society. He had a  
man of illustrating abstract subjects, pe-  
tary to my taste; clothing them with the lan-  
guage of poetry, and throwing round them all  
the magic lines of fiction. "How charming  
thought I," he wrote philosophically, "not  
not created, as dull facts suppose."  
But a perpetual fount of nectar's essence,  
when no crude earthy region."  
a wonderful self-composition, as being  
an excellent topic with a man whose I con-  
sidered, on a parallel with the ages of antiquity,  
looked down with a sentiment of pity on the  
intellects of my sisters, who could con-  
ceive nothing of my metaphysics. It is true,  
I attempted to study them by myself. I was  
put into a fog, but when Gilman came to  
every thing was soon as clear to me as  
my ear drank in the beauty of his words:  
"Ignorance was dazzled with the splendor of  
astronomical notions. I caught up the sparkling  
poetry that glittered through his specu-  
lative mist, and mistook them for the golden ore of  
truth. Struck with the facility with which I  
could imitate and relish the most abstract  
ideas, I conceived a still higher opinion of  
his intellectual powers, and was convinced that I also  
philosopher."  
as now verging toward man's estate, and  
my education had been extremely uter-  
gallowing the experience of my father, which  
I asked for the impetus of my genius—yet I  
engaged with wonder and delight by my  
and sisters, who considered me almost as  
and infallible as I considered myself. This  
impression of me was strengthened by a de-  
votional habit, which made me an oracle and  
a teacher at the domestic hearth. The time was  
hand, however, that was to put my phi-  
losophy to the test.

He had passed through a long winter, and the  
at length opened upon us, with unusual  
freshness. The soft serenity of the weather, the  
of the surrounding country, the joyous  
of the birds; the balmy breath of flower

...sensation, all combined to fill my bosom with  
 sweet sensations, and nameless wishes. Amid

introductions of the season, I layped into a  
of other undress, both of body and soul,  
slovenly had had to -charme for me. "Ma-  
—laugh!" I tried to study, took down  
after volume, ran my eye vacantly over a  
pages, and turned them by with distrust. I  
about the house, with my hands in my  
sleeve, and an air of complete vacancy. Some-  
was necessary to make me happy, but what  
that something? I sauntered to the apart-  
ment of my sisters, hoping their conversation  
amuse me. They had walked out, and  
soon was vacant. On the table lay a volume  
they had been reading. It was a novel,  
never read a novel, having conceived a con-  
tempt for works of the kind, from hearing them  
really condemned. It is true, I had remark-  
ed they were so universally read, but I con-  
sidered beneath the attention of a plain-  
sighted and never would stoop to read thing, but  
old lessons my mental superiority in the eyes  
sisters. Nay, I had taken up a work of  
old, new and then, when I knew my sisters  
observing me, looked into it for a moment,  
then laid it down, with a slight supercilious-  
ness. On the present occasion, out of mere list-  
lessness I took up the volume, and turned over a  
leaf of the first pages. I thought I heard some-  
thing coming, and laid it down. I was mistaken,  
it was my mother, and what I read, without  
intention to read a little better. I found  
it a wretched frame, and in a few minutes  
completely lost to the story. How long I  
was reading, I know not, but I believe for  
two hours. Suddenly I heard my sister's  
stairs, when I thrust the book into my  
sleeve, and the two other volumes, which lay  
into my pockets, and hurried out of the  
room to my beloved woods. Here I remained  
for hours, beneath the pines, lowland, beneath  
the constant of the delicious foliage;  
my returned to the house when it was too  
late to permit their pages.

My sisters thought, I implied it in my sister's  
suspense, and looked for others. Their stock  
of literature, for they had brought home all that  
current in the city, but my appetite de-  
clined an immense supply. All the course of  
was carried on clandestinely, for I was  
reluctant of it, and fearful that my sisters  
be called in question; but this very privacy  
additional zest. It was "bread eaten in











